"But who was the gentleman who bought it?"

"Lord —, of M—— Park. And wasn't it carefully packed, too, in a small wooden case lined with tin! Old S—— wouldn't tell me who was my grand patron for a long time, but I coaxed the old fellow at last. So now you've coaxed the old fellow at last. So now you've got the whole story, and you are not displeased, mamma?" said he, suddenly throwing his arms round my neck and kissing me.

Far from it. The tears were slowly rolling down my cheeks in thankfulness that so early my hosts takent had been appreciated.

by boy's talent had been appreciated. His siher got up and looked out of the window. Matter-of-fact Dick asked :-

"Dot, what are you going to do with all that "It isn't mine," his brother replied; "It is mamma's. I didn't bring her the picture, and she must buy something she will like with the money. What shall it be, mamma?" he asked,

putting his arm round my waist.
"Oh, Dot, keep it," I said. "You will want it "Mother, I am not your boy if I do. I'll have

And with that he threw it into my lap. The money was carefully put away, and looked at I will not say how many times, and the mother's pride rose up and swelled and inwardly chanted the mother's song of her boy. All the future was rose tinted—a life of independence, of fame, casting its full radiance on all the family circle. The sairest flower which God ever gave was to bloom through life in one rich perfame, forget-Great Gardener who lends, not gives, and when he claims the loan says, but Mine." It is a sad story this, and were well brought to an end, for the recollection has unatted me to carry on the thread of the tale in

its slow unwinding.

A month saw my precious boy return to his duties, and at the end of the year he had so far improved, and showed so much genius, that he had left the house of Mr. S., with the consent of the latter, and, with our approval, had taken lodgings with a young friend, an architect.

Christmas came round once more, with all its Christmas came round once more, with all its joyousness, and with it Dot arrived. In an instant my glance detected suffering. It was of no use putting it aside, endeavoring to conceal what was so visible. "I am overworked, that is all; it's only a little cold; now I'm home it will be all right." And so the sickness was pooh-poohed away. He certainly looked better when the end of February came, and with it his return to London for I would not let him. his return to London, for I would not let him go before, and Dr. Vaughan had said there was no danger, only a little delicacy of constitution, which he would soon get over. Not many letters came from him after he left. "He was so busy -so engaged, was painting a picture that he hoped would get him the medal, and then he should be sent abroad to study the old masters. He should spend next Christmas with us, and then go to Rome."

"He cannot be ill," I argued, "if he writes so hopefully," and so I cheated myself with the belief that all was well. In November we were startled by a letter from his young friend, stating that he thought him not quite right, and, as he himself was coming into the country, had persuaded him to return also, instead of waiting for Christmas; that, as John's com-petition picture was finished, there was no longer any motive for remaining, and that they would be back almost as soon as the letter reached us. Arthur thought all this was true; but a loving mother has a prophetic spirit. I went so far the other way as to fancy I should receive him all but a corpse.

I watched and waited in restless anxiety; then wandered from one room to another, and, as is often the case, missed that which I most sought for. I did not hear the travellers arrive, and was coming down stairs as Edith was seeking me, exclaiming, "Mamma, John's come!" In an instant I knew how it was. Had my boy been well he would have sought me, not his sister. I entered the room; there he lay on the sofa, wan and thin, but neld out both his hauds. It was some moments before I could recover myself, for I had nearly fainted as I kneeled by the couch, and clasped him in my arms. It was Dr. Vaughan's voice that first recalled my deadened senses. Our thoughtful young friend had called at the doctor's as they drove along; hence

his quick arrival 'Now, now, this is nonsense. The boy is only You'll be all right by and-by; only working a

little too fast, eh?"
"That is all, doctor," he said cheerfully, and slowly raised himself upright. "And if me nma will only get me one of my old draughts which I liked so well, and let me talk a little to my father and you, I shall be all right.'

"There, girls, you hear? Taat's an order from headquarters. So buttle about, and get your brother's room comfortable, while mamma makes the egg draught of old. But you needn't hurry about it," said the doctor.

Bewildered and hesitatingly I quitted the room; the girls followed me. What exact conversation took place between the three I cannot describe, but the purport of it was this:-That in the previous summer, while playing at cricket, he had been struck by the cricket ball: the blow had brought on a tumor, which was neglected, and the result was the sickness which

had brought him home.

Many months he lay in this hopeless state Consumption came on; even then we were hard to be persuaded that death was near. Further advice was obtained, and never snall I forget the moment when the physician said, "Before this day six weeks he will not be here."

I was stunned, for, not withstanding his illness. the blow was sudden. I grasped for support blindly. Nowhere could I turn for com ort. My life—what was it! Alas! alas! I now see, but did not then, how all my so-called religion had shrivelled up like a green leaf at the first frost. O God! how difficult it was to lose my son! I had no resignation-no faith; my soul was in rebellion, and the spirit's turnoit stamped its unrest upon my features. John was the first to see it. "My own mamms, how changed you are!" were his first words when he saw me, "You must not grieve. I know all, but I am happy. Pray with me, dearest mamma," and his white thin hand twined itself in my curls. "My child, I cannot," I gasped, rather than said. The suffering boy raised him eif on his elbow, and looked at me in astonishment. That look recalled me to myself. I shivered, and said, "O that this cup might pass from me!" He clasped my hand tightly, and the tears stole down his cheeks as he murmured,—

"Not so, not so; it is best as it is." And then, as if to himself, he gently spoke, "I loved my art better than all things—better than even you, dear mamma," and again he pressed my hand. "There was no moderation in me. I need not have worked so hard. I have thrown my life away. A little more rest, a little more time for food, and this might not have been. Better now than later. O God, pardon and keep my soul in

peace!"
With these words, sleep overpowered him, and he lay sweetly slumbering for hours. I dared not move, though I felt faint from my cramped position. My mind was busy wandering to the days of his childhood, to the many many times that I had watched and tended his sick-bed, now to be the last. The thought was torture. I looked on his face, but the spile there was not human. Never before had I seen or could I have imagined anything half so lovely—a loveliness not of earth. "Surely his spirit is with the angels," I thought, "and dare I recall him by my grief?" Strange, I could not pray—did not even think of it. I turned with distaste and rebellion from all thoughts of casting my care upon God. Like Rachael of old, I refused to be comforted. During this unusual slumber Edith came and whispered, "Dear mamma, God sees it best." White as the palest of white roses, she kneeled by my side. "Thy will be done, but give us strength to bear," she softly prayed. I looked at her as it contemplating a piece of looked at ner, as if contemplating a piece of statuary. Even critically I examined her—even thought how fair and lovely she looked, and wondered she could so pray; and then I drew comparisons.

"It is not her child, only her brother. She cannot know a mother's heart." The sun went down, and twilight deepened into night, and still the safferer slept on. Late in the evening he awoke, refreshed. His first words were, "Kiss me, dear mamma. I have been in such a beautiful place—I have been so happy; but I am hungry."

happy; but I am hungry."
How delighted I was to hear this common expression come from lips devoted to the tomb! There was something so cheering in the words that hope was born again within me, and I trusted that the sickness would-must pass away - a miracle must be worked in my favor, and with the thought came back the desire for prayer. Alas! it was not that of submissi but of currenty that my darling boy might yet be spared, and so night and day I wearied Heaven with senseless repetitions. Time wore on, and the dreaded six weeks were

Time wore on, and the dreaded six weeks were passed, and even spring was come, and yet he lingered with us, daily growing weaker and weaker. One fine sunny morning in April—the apple-trees were in rull bloom; these he could see from his window—"I should like to be taken into the garden, if it could be done," he said. He was placed in a bath chair, and so wheeled on the soft grass, and he felt better. As strength permitted he was thus taken as often as possible, until June came, and then the very early apples were ripe. On the morning before the last fatal one he was wheeled in the garden, as he had been many times before, the apple-tee as he had been many times before, the apple-tre a laden with muit, bent their branches to the ground. As he was slowly taken past he desired that a branch might be listed to him. He admired them, smelt them, and seemed as if caressingly to touch each with gentle love. After this he looked round on everything—trees

and flowers—then asked to be taken ir.

Night came, and before the morning dawned his gentle spirit left us. And thus, in the bloom of life, with everything around him to make life desirable, died my cherished darling son.

The hours of the weary day that succeeded, the footfalls which were hushed, and the scarcely audible voices, which sounded as if there was fear to awaken the dead, the preparations which even in the first hour efter the spirit's flight were necessary to be attended to, the despair at the thought that the services which had been so long necessary were now of no avail-all this was overpowering to feel, and after long years, it is even now depressing to recall.

Later in the day, and before our loss had become known, we were startled by the sound of carriage wheels, and the loud ringing of the door-bell. A gentleman, who looked as surprised as ourselves, for the influence of the stillness had made itself felt just as it does on a Sabbath, inquired of the servant, could be 'see Mr. John Norton?"

Master John is dead, sir." "Dead! What do you mean?"
"He died this morning before daylight, sir." "O God! And for this I have come! Can I see any of the family " The stranger was speedily introduced to us.

but we knew him not.
"No, no, you do not," he replied when we said so: "but I know every one of you. My

name is B"
"Ah!" my husband exclaimed, "We know you now. A thousand times welcome for his

- paced up and down, he said:-"How my sors have anticipated with joyous feelings this visit of mine! John doubtless told you that we are all artists, one in one way, one in another. I, you know, am an architect, or rather was. I stayed last night at the We are old friends. It was he wao introduced-ahem!-you know-to the Prosident of the Academy. Well, never mind, let me see the boy once more;" and opening the dining-room door, he at once proceeded up stairs, Arthur leading the way and I following. I do not now recoilect anything how we got to the room, or wno went in first; but as I entered, I saw Mr. B—— on his knees at the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands. In a moment or two he got up, gazed upon the dead torm, laid his hand upon the chest, and pressed his lips to the cold forehead. He then turned suddenly round, grasped both my husband's hands, said, "God bless and comfort you!" and in a moment, without another word, he was gone. We never saw him afterwards; but on turning to cover up the face we loved so well, on the breast was laid the coveted medal ob-tained by his picture, and a note from one of his young companions, telling him to "be jolly, for now he would have to go abroad, and be the envy of them all."

How different was the realization of all our hopes! How the tone in which the note was written jarred us! Arthur folded me in his arms, and together we wept over all that re-mained of our first-born. Did I live a thousand years, never should I forget that first real sor-More than once since has my heart been lacerated by the fading away of all I held dear; but when Dot died, the tendrils of affection were rudely torn, so they never clasped so tightly again. It is useless to prolong any tur-ther detail; it benefits no one, and even now my more perfect submission to God's will can-not wholly repress that first sorrow, which seems ever fresh because it was a first expe-

During her brother's illness Edith was his devoted attendant, and when he died she seemed to feel his loss far less than any of us. She spoke of him as if he were only gone a short lourney; and when no tears were in her eyes we got accustomed to see a spasm flit across her isce as though she were in pain, but this she always denied. Two months after his death we saw such a decided change in her that Dr. Vaughan was again called. He sat with her some time, and then told us that a change was necessary for her, and recommended Torquay. She shook her head, but acquiesced gently, as her wont now was in everything. Mary was detained from school to accompany Edith and myself, for not for a moment would I leave my drooping child. However, not to lengthen the story of my second bereavement, Edith tol-lowed her brother in less than ten months. Consumption craved its victim, and she was the sacrifice. The loss of Dot stunned us; this grief sent us prostrate. I seemed to see a fearful future before me; my husband and all my children gone, and "I alone left to tell the

There was a very large amount of rebellion in my heart at the loss of Dot. "Thy will be done," though uttered a hundred times by my mouth, was never once said in my heart; but when Edith was stricken down, rebellion vanished, and a humbleness arose, as in deprecation; but it required years of teaching to feel, that what He had done must have been in love, not in

CHAPTER VIII.

Richard's Choice of a Business-His Advertising-

Its Results-His Experience in London. A little before Edith's death, Richard had finally left school. As soon as the effort could be made after our bereavement, his destiny was a matter for consideration. Over and over again we questioned him as to his choice of profession or trade, but could elicit no satisfactory reply. He came to me one morning, looking very grave, took a chair, and, leaning on the back of it, stood fronting me.

"Mother, I'm come to talk to you about what I'm to do. Father is too quick for me. I'm unhappy to be at home doing nothing. Pottering about like this will kill one. If it were not a question of money to be paid down with me, I should say, let me try my luck in the first thing which comes to hand, and I think now it would be for the best. I can't tell what I shall like. Suppose you and father what I shall like. Suppose you and father give me a twelvementh to try what I can do. suppose a strong fellow can get his grub for

"And what to do?" I laughingly asked. There was sound sense in the boy's words. "Well. I'm not going to be a carpenter or a blacksmith, nor a butcher, nor a grocer, and least of all would I be a draper."

"An engineer?" I asked, "or a doctor, or a

"I can't tell. I think I fancy—but mind, I do not say for certain—but I have a half love for chemistry. I don't mean to kick about in a chemist's shop, and sell all the half-penny articles which they do, but a good hard-working chemist who doesn't sell. I mean one who finds out all about things-

"In general," I suggested.
An angry flush mounted to his brow, which, however, I would not notice. He did not go on, and I watted a few moments before I spoke, considering that, if he turned his talent for inquiry into this channel, that everiasting "why ?" of his would, in a measure, be answered; and if he did not find therein a rest, at all events chemistry, in its wonderful affinities, combinations, and creations, would be a source of, perhaps, profit-able employment. All this took but a moment to flash through my brain, and an exultation arose in my heart at the thought of what might possibly be, and then the memory of my aspira-tions about Dot recurred to me, and I was

Well, Dick, I will speak to your father about it. You know his heart is set upon your entering Mr. James's office, with a view, some time or other, to your being a partner there. Think the matter over again, and come here to me to-morrow moraing. I do not wish that either you or I should be precipitate in speaking to your lather. Be sure of yourself, my boy, first." And so, with a kiss, I dismissed him. To-morrow came, and so also came Dick, at

the earliest possible moment after his father's "I will be a chemist, mother," said he, even before he had given me his morning greeting.
"And more, I will be a chemist's boy—that is, a working boy. I mean to begin from the beginning, and I only want help till I can get on. I am sure in a twelvemonth, to be able to do for

I saw, in a moment, there was no other path open for bim, and I promised to do all I could, at the same time begging him to wait patiently till some one could be found willing to take

"Ab, I knew that was just what you would say, but I can't wait for chances to tura up in my favor. I must make them. I bayen't slept wink all night, and I've drawn up an advertisement to put in the Times, to try my fortune in that lucky bag."

I was astonished at the common sense of the boy, and amused at his not inappropriate designation of the fifth power of the realm. He held the projected advertisement to me.
"No, no; read it, Dick; you will give it proper

"No run, mother. I'm in earnest, Here 20es:"-"A young gentleman is desirous of entering"s

chemist's laboratory, in order to become an adept in the mysteries of the sauline art. A small salary will be accepted. Address A. B., Post Office, -, till called for." I felt merr ment overspread my face, and he

"Hang it, mother, help me. I know I'm s "Don't say that, Richard. You are not a too!

and never less 'colish than now because you've tried to do your best. But wait a minute, and I will write a suitable advertisement, always remen bering that your father not only does not object, but gives his hearty concurrence to our scheme." I took my pencil and wrote:-

"A youth of flitten active intelligent, well educated, spells well, and writes rapidly and plainly from dictation or otherwise, do nes to become a practical working chemist, and is wishful to failft all the lewer duties in a laboratory, provided he can obtain a practical knowledge of the details connected with chemistry. Betereness siven. Address A B., care of Messrs. J & W. Armstrong, Solieitois, Croft Street, Bioomsbury." "Now, Dick, that is what you want, isn't it?

have said all you wish me to say." "Yes, mother, that must take. And now, will you ask my father to night?" "No, not to-night, Richard. He is tired; and you know my rule, never to worry him about home doings in the evening. To-morrow morn-

dare say I have said too much or too little,

according to advertisement measurement, but I

ing I will tell him." I got up an hour earlier, and was dressing before my husband rose, and finding him disposed to talk, I said, "Dick wants to be a chemist," "When!" was the reply. "And I think, Arthur, it will be the very best, very best thing for him. You know, he is everlastingly asking 'why?' Now, chemistry will certainly give him foce for thought—stop! I know what you are going to say. He has drawn up an advertisement to put in the Timer. There it is," I handed it to him, and he read it.

"Why, Mary, this will never do. No doubt there will be answers, but the premiums de-manded will vary from three to five hundred But Dick wants to go without expense to us.

His very elegant and expressive phrace was, that he certainly could get grub for his ser-"Well, I'm not used to these things; but it strikes me that this advertisement won't pay. Is this Dick's composition?" "Oh, no; his wording was, that a 'young gen-

tieman wanted a situation, etc. etc.-just like a Arthur did not speak again while I was dress ing, but just as I was leaving the room he called me back. "You may send it; but I war a you, Mary, no good will come of it-I mean to say, nothing that will serve Dick's turn. I must think over this start of his, and write to the Armstrongs to forward any letters, but to answer no inquirics."

And so the advertisement went in. A few ays presed away in the usual manner, but to Dick they were days of restlessness; he had yet to learn to be a philosopher. At last came a packet of letters, sent from my husband's solici tors, but not one without acking a premium and higher than we could afford to pay, having the consideration that Walter and Frank were to be provided for. Besides, the girls' prospects in life had to be considered. We were very much averse to their leading an idle life. The loss of Edith and Dot reduced our loving circle to six children, Richard, Alice, Mary, Janet, Walter, and Frank, who was the youngest.

However much our income had increased yet it was still inadequate to what we desired it to be for our children. Richard pleaded that he wanted no more money advanced for him than had been given for John, and then only did he require it as a help while he was, as he termed it, doing drudgery. He was altogether averse that the money we could spare should be paid as a premium. It was in vain that we argued that the payment of a sum was but just and right, in return for knowledge which was not to be obtained any other way. The boy, with a self-wiltulness which was even exasperating, would not give way on this point. He could not be led; he could not be driven.

"Besides," said he, "my father says he has no money to spare."

"Your father says, Richard, that although he annot pay the large sums here asked, he may be able to manage a lesser one, particularly it it would be accepted in instalments."

It was no use arguing the matter. Then I

bethought myself of asking my husband to write to Messrs. Armstrong, and stating the case to them. They at once promptly replied:-

"You committed an error in causing the advertise ment to be directed to our care, as it would necessarily be presumed that the party advertising could pay a premium. Send your son to us for a week or so. He may look about him, if he can do nothing

Richard was in raptures, but his father and myself had grave doubts as to sending our fledgling out so soon. The phrase "to look about him" sounded in my ears as if he was suddenly to be plunged into all temptations. However, upon further consideration, but not without miscoulage on my cont. it. without misgivings on my part, it was arranged that he should go to London, and—we could give it no other name—"look about him."

After ten days we had the following letter:—

After ten days we had the following letter:—
"My own Dearest; Mamma:—It's all right. Out of
the money you gave me to spend I put an advertisement again in the Times the very morning after I
got here. Mr. William Armstrong's son is here! he's
about twenty; so we soon got good friends. I told
him what I wanted, and showed him the advertisement you put in the Times. He said how joily green
I must be; of course sues wording as that would
imply that I was someoody, and so he took a pea
and wrote what I now send you:—
"A strong active lad wants a situation in a chemist's shop. Wages. Six shillings a week. Address,
A. B., Post-Office. 400, High Holborn."
"I told him I didn't want to go in a chemist's shop.
and I didn't want wapes. He said 'Bose! you don't
want to clean knives and forks, and go out of house
errands, and all that I suppose that wouldn't suit
you! But you must craw! before you can walk. My
advice to you is to get into some place of the kind,
get the names of the drugs, and make yourself use-

tul. You'll soon learn more, and by the time you are twenty you'll be worth taking into a wholesale place, or wherever else you want to get, without a premium; and it you mind what you are about you'll make somebody yet. But keep your eves open, old boy; that's the way to get through the world. Dear mamma, I shall get on somebow or other; only just let me have a few pounds to pay my way. Ob! I have just heard of a place, and I'm to go on Monday. Lots of love, dear mamma, to you and my father, and Alice, and all of them. I mean to be A 1. Your affectionate son.

"Here is a trouble for an anxious mother!" I exclaimed to my husband, after I had read the letter alond to him.

"What trouble can there be?" he asked. "It is not exactly the position I should have wished for him, but it is his own choice. It was said when I was a boy that 'Robinson Crusoc' made the runaways of a family. Now I think the book which you gave Dick on his last birthday. The Early Footsteps of Great Men, must have influenced him. It is quite certain that I could not have paid any one of what appear to me the extravagant premiums demanded, and so it is "But about paying the money for his living?"

"Ah! that's to be considered. First, I must get a coherent letter from the Armstrongs, and when I know the particulars I shall be better able to judge.

A few days, and the post brought the desired communication. Dick had given their names as a reference to a house doing an active business in the drug trade at the cast end of Lon-don. All they had said when applied to was, that they knew his parents, and that he was an honest lad. Richard had taken a bed-room, for which he was going to pay five shillings a week, but they did not know how he was to manage about his food. As for his Sundays, they had given him an invitation to spend with

though to me very unsatisfactory. This, was obliged to be content with, and a whole fortnight passed without our hearing anything further. Then came the following:-

"No. 4. New Road, Mills End. London.—My Dear Mother and Father:—I am in very comfortable lodgrugs, with a nice old lady and her son, who is a steady-going chap. I've been finding my own grub the last fortnight, but this, is very uncomfortable. able, for i used to forget all about it, so that last Sunday morning I got up and found nothing to eat. I coulan't stand this, you know, but Mrs. Reed was reolder't sand this, you know, but ars. Reed was very kind, and gaye me some breakfast, and after that I went to Riomey, and spent the day with young Amstrong and his family. I told him of my adventure. He said the best way was to give Mrs. Reed so much a week to find me in everything except cimber and washing. Dinner I get at an eating-house near the business. This costs me ninepence every day. So when I got nome at night I asked her about it. She said she would talk about it in the morning, as she liked to keep the Sabbath rs a day of rest from workidy matters. I rell you rs a day of rest from worldly matters. I tell you this, mother, because I know you will like to hear that I am not among heathens. Last night when I came home, wirs. Reed said she had thought over the matter, and it I likes to nive as they did she would give me bed, breakfast, and tea for ten shil-lings a week. Now, my dinner will cost me perhaps five and suspence a week, and my washing a shiring a week, and I should like about a shilling a week for pocket money—for, you know, mother, a fellow doesn't know what he wants exactly to a penny-so that makes seventeen and sixpence a week, against which I have only six shillings. Now, it my father would allow me the difference for a few months, perhaps after this I could do for myself altogether. My work is rather hard, but I think I shall get to know a great deal more than if I had gone out as a swell. If you will only give me a twelvementh to make the experiment in I shall do."

The letter contained a good deal about home affairs, not at all interesting to the outer world. but the business matter contained in it was practical: that I could see.
"I can do that very well," Arthur said. "It is not so much as I have been paying lately for his schooling; but there is one temptation I mean to shield him from. I shall remit the money to Mrs. Reed for his board either in ad-

vance or at the end of each month, as she likes best, and shall not leave it to him to pay or make away with it." "You are hard upon Dick, Arthur," I said.
"No so, Mary. Richard has hitherto had no command of money, and there are so many petty temptations which doe the steps of a youth first away from home, that I do not mean to put it in his power to deprive Mrs. Reed of ner just due

and in that payment I shall include also his washing bill." "But you will send him some other money besides the shilling a week he asks for?" "To give him more than two shillings a week I do not think would be wise. I know it is said by some parents that to stint a boy in money is to tempt him to be dishonest. I do not think so. I do not yet know if Dick has money belenging to his employers passing through his hands or not, or whether he has any chance of getting at it; but this I feel, that if a boy with even a shilling a week is tempted at all, he would be equally so if he were at liberty to spend : pound a week, and perhaps in a greater degree. Hitherto we have had no opportunity of judging the strength of the right principles we have both endeavored to inculcate. I would go up to Lon-

don, but Armstrong writes that it is better not. All the necessary arrangements were soon made. I slipped in a sovereign, and sent a cake and other little things which I knew Dick was partial to. Also I did not forget a couple lowls and a piece of bacon for good Mrs. Reed, who I hoped would be a mother to my boy, and so told her in a long letter, to which in due time

[To be continued in our next issue.]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

The Stockholders of this Company are hereby notified that the Board of Managers have determined to allow to all persons who shall a pear as Stockholders on the Books of the Company on the Sth of September next, after the closing of transfers, at 3P M of that day the privilege of subscribing for new stock of par, to the extent of one share of new stock to every five shares then standing in their names Each shareholder entitled to a inactional part of a share shall have the privilege of subscribing for a mil share, the subscribing for a believe the privilege of subscribing for a mil share, the subscribing hooks will open on MONDAY. Sentember 10, and close on SATURDAY, December 1, 1866 at 3 P. M.

Fayment will be considered due June 1, 1857, but an

Payment will be considered due June 1, 1807, but an Payment will be considered due June I, 1897, but an instain ent of 20 per cent, or ten do lers per share, must be paid at the time of subscribing. The balance may be paid from time to time, at the option of the subscribers, before the lat of November, 1867. On all payments, including the aforesaid instalment, made before the lat of June 1867, discount will be allowed as the rate of 6 per cent, per annum, and on all payments made between that date and the 18 of November, 1867, interest will be charged at the same rate. that dete and the ist of November, 1861, interest will be charged at the same rate.

All stock not paid up in full by the let of November, 1867. Will be torfeited to the use of the Company Certificates for the new stock will not be issued until after June 1, 1867, and said stock, if paid up in full, will be entit of to the November dividend of 1867, but to no earlier dividend.

SOLOMON SHEPHERD, 8.26

TREASURY DEPARTMENT TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

SEPTEMBER 14. 1836.

Notice is hereby given that the Treasu y Department is prepared to redeem Certificates of Temporary Loan, known as "Clearing-house Certificates," at the others from which they were respectively issued, and that on and after the 25th of beptember. 1866, interest will cease upon fifty per cert of each certificate; and on and after the 25th of October next interest will cease on the remainder HUGH McCULLEOCH

9 17 3t Secretary of the Treasury.

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Harmless reliable, instantaneous, the only perfect
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Eastor Pennsylvania, April 4, 1868.

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SEIDENSTICKER, Principals.
8251m

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